Let not this waſpe outliue vs both to ſting,
Chiron. I warrant you maddame we will make that ſure:
Come Miſtris now perforce we will enioy,
That nice preſerued honeſtie of yours.
Lauinia. Oh *Tamora*, thou beareſt a womans face.
Tamora. I will not heare her ſpeake a waie with her,
Lauinia. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.
Demetrius. Liſten faire Maddame let it be your glory
To ſee her teares, but be your hart to them:
As vnrelenting Flint to drops of raine. (dam,
Lauinia. VVhen did the Tigers young ones teach the
Oh doe not learne her wrath: ſhe taught it thee,
The Milke thou ſuckſt from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadſt thy tyrranie,
Yet euerie Mother breeds not ſonnes a like,
Doe thou intreat her ſhew a womans pittie. (baſtard?
Chiron. VVhat wouldſt thou haue me proue my ſelfe a
Lauinia. Tis true the Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I hard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moued with pittie did indure,
To haue his Princelie paws pared all away:
So me ſay that Rauens foſter forlorne children,
The whilſt their owne birds famiſh in their neſts:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart ſay no,
Nothing ſo kinde but ſomething pittifull.
Tamora. I know not what it meanes, away with her.
Lauinia. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers ſake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue ſlaine thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.
Tamora. Hadſt thou in perſon nere offended mee,
Euen for his ſake am I pittileſſe.
Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
To ſaue your brother from the ſacrifice,
But fearce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vſe her as you will,

The

The worſe to her th
Lauinia. Oh *Tam*
And with thine own
For tis not life that
Poore I was ſlaine w
Tamora. VVha
Lauinia. tis preſ
That woman-hood
Oh keepe me from t
And tumble me int
VVhere neuer mans
Doe this and be a ch
Tamora. So ſhoul
No let them ſatiffie
Demetrius. away
Lauinia. No grace
The blot and enemi
Confuſion fall
Chiron. Nay ther
This is the hole whe
Tamora. Farewel
Nere let my hart k
Till all the *Androni*
Now will I hence t
And let my ſpleenfu

Enter
Come on my Lord
Straight will I brin
VVhere I eſpied th
Quintus. My ſi
Mart. And min
VVell could I leau
Quintus. VVhat
VVhoſe mouth i